A Great Day coming for Queen Alexandra, page 1738.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Queen Alexandra and Denmark's Day of Reparation.

Some real "surprises" will result from the war by the time that it is over. I hear that Queen Alexandra is watching events with a very keen eye. I was talking to her Majesty's great friend, the Marchioness of ——, the other day, and she told me that Queen Alexandra remarked to her when her father died that "to the day of his death he had regretted that he had had no opportunity of wresting back his lost provinces from Germany." Old King Christian had scarcely arrived on his throne as a lad of eighteen when Germany began her modern filibustering in Europe by declaring a war with the object of securing ports on the North Sea at Denmark's expense. And she got what she wanted. Ruthlessly she robbed ancient Denmark of her two fine provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, and now Europe is paying the penalty, while Denamrk sits tight and says nothing, but anxiously awaits the day of reparation!

* * *

How the Kaiser Developed His Swelled Head.

For, if England had stepped in in 1863—and when she failed to do so it was not because Queen Alexandra's father was too proud to ask Britain to stand by him!—the German Emperor would never have thought himself a naval power, and erected himself into a perpetual menace to England. Hence, Queen Alexandra is hoping that the humbling of Germany will bring back to Denmark her lost provinces. And don't forget that Danish chagrin at the loss of Schleswig-Holstein is vastly more sincere than France's annoyance at the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, for the latter provinces were never really French, and the natives speak German. But Schleswig and Holstein are to Denmark what Kent and Surrey are to England. Queen Alexandra's father was born in Schleswig, of the ancient line of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg.

When Germany wanted these provinces she did in 1863 precisely what she did in Belgium in 1914. By sheer force of numbers Germany bore down the heroic Danes, and, after suffering terribly, Denmark was compelled by the Treaty of Vienna of 1864 to part with her fairest possessions in order that German Royal ambition to stifle Britain could be realised. So one result of the war will be the return to Denmark of her historic territory.

* * *

A Great Day Coming for England's Queen-Mother.

Germany, of course, never revealed the secret of her designs on Schleswig and Holstein for years, but the building of the Kiel Canal, which gave the German fleet her quick waterway to the North Sea, was the use she made of her ill-gotten maritime provinces. That was natural enough then. And it is equally natural that Britain should now see that Germany loses Schleswig and Holstein—and the Kiel Canal! Everybody will wish that our gracious Queen-Mother may live to walk once again the soil upon which she was born, with her tall nephew from Copenhagen no longer a stranger there, but, as his ancestors have been for centuries, Count of Holstein and Duke of Schleswig!

* * *

The Dregs from the Canteen.

I hear that Sir Thomas Lipton has lost £500,000 as the result of non-participation in the commissariat department of the present campaign! As if this was not enough, there is that sweet poet, Sir Joseph Lyons, who used to do so well in tea-leaves, and now prefers laurels, advertising the result of his action for libel against the owner of the Shamrocks in the largest possible type, which looks, to say the least, like taking a mean advantage. But, as the "advantage" is being taken to wipe the floor with Sir Thomas Lipton, we suppose Joey Lyons don't think the ordinary delicacies of civilisation matter.

* * *

The Royal War Widow and Her Gallant Soldier Sons.

What a lucky escape Prince Maurice of Battenberg had. Both his neighbours in the firing-line were shot down, and the Prince had a bullet through his cap! Well, well, war is no worse for Royal folks than for lesser ones. At the same time, it is impossible not to remember that if there is one lady in the land who must shudder at the name of war, it is the Prince's mother, the widow of that unfortunate Henry of Battenberg who went out to Africa at the first mention of smoke twenty odd years ago, and never returned. And everybody knows that her Royal Highness was brought up to be the future Empress of the French, and the bride of the Prince Imperial, Napoleon III.'s only son, and how the tragedy of Zululand robbed Princess Beatrice of a noble-hearted and chivalrous young husband of Imperial rank!

So far, therefore, her Royal Highness's three sons have escaped without a scratch, but if our knowledge of Prince Alexander is good for anything, he will be heard of ere long right in the scrum! Princess Henry, of course, is doing her little whack in the war, her special institution being the Hospital for Officers in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, to which she has taken the King on at least two occasions already, and which is like to play a tremendous part in the work of the Red Cross at home.

* * *

Lord Kitchener's Spring Million.

All over London Lord Kitchener is getting his Spring Army of One Million ready for the front. All the squares and open spaces are requisitioned, and while many squads are in the Park, the Inns of Court have their own men, and the Temple the journalists. One day last week there was a pretty scene in Chancery Lane, when all the lawyers' clerks and "articled pupils" rushed out of the alley for the first time in khaki, looking as fresh as paint, and boisterous with martial pride! The actors are drilling in Russell Square, which is the largest of the London squares, and has many historic theatrical associations.

* * *

What About the Actors' Corps.

Now, in the matter of the actors! If given time to train, I have tremendous faith in the Actors' Corps! I know a lot of actors, some of whom are "going through it" very badly in consequence of the war, and have no reason to be enthusiastic about it. But, in spite of their personal discomforts, they are all as keen as cayenne to be at the Germans. And I am certain that the actors will cover themselves with glory. It is not true, as I hear, that Mr. Lewis Waller is to be invited to become colonel of the corps, on account of his dexterity in always killing six men with one sword! Nor is it a fact that

Bertram Wallis has refused to go at all unless he is made a major on the spot! But I hear that General Sir Nevil Macready, whose work in the war was so highly praised by Sir John French the other day, is to become the honorary colonel of the Actors' Corps, and, if he isn't, it will be unfortunate, as he is a son of the famous actor of his name, and has at this early stage of the war won fame and certain promotion!

* * *

Cyril Maude's Family's Two V.C.'s.

I hear that George Robey is very keen on going to the front if he can get out of some of his long engagements, and it seems certain that the law should create a moratorium for actors, as most of our younger successful ones will have trouble otherwise. Cyril Maude, who comes of a family of soldiers of such fame that they can boast of two Victoria Cross heroes—General Sir Frederick Maude, G.C.B., who left several sons for the present campaign, and Colonel Francis Cornwallis Maude, who was equally considerate of his country's necessities—is the foremost of the promoters of the Actors' Corps, and all actors or music-hall artistes of the right age and fitness should apply to him at the New Theatre at once. One thousand men are wanted, and they may take it for granted they will not be forgotten when the war is over!

* * *

A Hint to Lord Clonmell and the Actors.

Meanwhile, in the country, Martin Harvey, amongst many others, is showing the provincials "the only way" to honour and the respect of their fellow-countrymen—*and* women!—and at his recruiting meeting in the Theatre Royal in Glasgow more than 4,000 people had to be turned away! To complete the Actors' Corps, the Earl of Clonmell, who married Miss Estelle Berridge, and is with the Royal Horse Artillery Terriers, should be commandeered for the actors, being a jolly good fellow, with just the spirit which would take the actors through the campaign with the *kudos* and *esprit* their superior talent and quality demand! I shall watch the career of the Actors with a keen eye!

* * *

The Sugar King's Heiress and the Bold Bad Baronet.

Is it true what I hear about the "love-affair" between the Earl of Euston and Miss Edythe Havemeyer, the Sugar King's heiress, that there is a "wicked baronet" in the case, and the lady, after all, prefers the certainty of being Lady W——, as the wife of a spark full of youth and ginger, to being Countess of Euston and spouse to a sixty-five-year-old widower whose peerage honours are all secured on sons born to a previous wife—and a Miss Smith, to boot! I dare not mention the baronet, of course, lest another lady who has "interests" in that quarter gets wind of it, but, knowing the gentleman well, I cannot help admiring Miss Havemeyer's "choice." For there is no question that "love in a cottage" with a "bold, bad baronet," who is still a "perfect gentleman" amongst his own set, is vastly sweeter than high rank in a country mansion surrounded by woods, with no one for company but a bald-headed bookworm and dirty old pictures of dead Stuart kings and pretenders and their sluttish-looking lights o' love.

Visitor (leaving lady who has not lost her charm but is most inquisitive as to other people's affairs): "Is that the village belle?"
Native: "Us calls 'er the village pump, mister."

* * *

No Love in a Cottage for Edythe Havemeyer.

And for both Miss Havemeyer and the baronet "love in a cottage" is a romance which is denied, for American millionairesses cannot afford the obscurity of even sham simplicity. So the story of the Sugar King's heiress is like to end happily, after all! Miss Havemeyer is still only about thirty-two, and very nice. She is the fourth child and second daughter of the late Henry Havemeyer, who died nearly thirty years ago. Her grandfather, William Frederick Havemeyer, was three times Mayor of New York, and died suddenly in his office at the City Hall in 1874. Mr. Henry Havemeyer, the Sugar King, who died in 1907, was her father's second cousin. Miss Havemeyer, being left an orphan so young, has generally had it all her own way since she got out of bibs and ribbons, and the way she renounced all authority on the part of anyone else over her sweet self at the age of 22 stirred two continents to admiration.

* * *

Edythe Havemeyer Breaks Loose!

She advertised for a chaperon in the papers, and seven hundred and eighty-five ladies replied to the "ad." And, carefully guarded by the lady selected, Miss Havemeyer proceeded to enjoy her "freedom" in the security

of a charming little house in Belgravia! Since then she has moved to the softer serenity of Chelsea, where, on the shady side of the street, the bold, bad—but there, that story must wait till it is crowned by the consummation which all Miss Havemeyer's many friends are hopefully awaiting!

* * *

What Has Happened to the Royal Indian Marine?

Admiral Troubridge is not the only British naval commander who has got to go "on the carpet!" The Commodore of the Royal Indian Marine (whoever he may be) will have to come home, and say how it came about that the German cruiser *Emden* could get up the Bay of Bengal unintercepted, and proceed to run amok amongst all the shipping emerging from the Hooghly, at a loss to British owners of £750,000, not to speak of bombarding Madras three days later. Where, in fact, were the cruisers of the Royal Indian Marine? Up the Persian Gulf, we strongly surmise, looking for Arab gun-runners, when they ought to have been around the great ports of India, with their searchlights bent upon filibustering German cruisers We shall probably hear that another stray German, the *Nurnberg*, has turned up on the Bombay side ere long, and then there will be the deuce to pay! For the *Nurnberg* could do a lot of damage before retiring into the endless ocean, what time the R.I.M. is looking for trouble off Bushire or Muscat, where all is peace!

* * *

Our Boss Admirals Learning Things!

We love to boast that Britannia is Mistress of the Seas, and truly that boast was never so entirely justified as it is to-day, with German merchantmen clean off the "Blue!" But let us not wrap ourselves too snugly in our National conceit. Day by day during the last few weeks the British Admiralty has been learning some severe lessons. The public, of course, do not realise that there is anything the matter. But our boss admirals know it right enough! Besides the German cruiser *Emden*, there are still the *Karlsruhe*, the *Dresden*, and three other swift Germans sinking British merchantmen in the Atlantic, notwithstanding that twenty-four British cruisers and several French vessels are chasing them all over the seas! Now we are learning the bitter lessons which ought to have been learnt in the early years of this century!

* * *

What We Owe to Winston Churchill.

For, terrible as it may seem, there is not a British cruiser in the Atlantic to which the German ships cannot show their heels. Our Admirals knew well enough when Germany started building her fleet of light armoured fast cruisers (of which she now has nine which can steam 27 knots, and many others nearly as fast), that in a race on the high seas we should stand no chance. But they all had to lickspittle to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and were afraid to ask for the money, because they would not have got it. It had to be left to Winston Churchill to take this matter in hand, and it was not till 1912, when Winston got his blue uniform, that the Government decided to lay down eight light armoured cruisers of over 25 knots speed. Of these the gallant *Saucy Arethusa* is one.

In the following year another batch of eight of these quick vessels was laid down, and if it had not been for Winston Churchill's determination to keep abreast of German enterprise we should be in a bad way to-day. The *Emden*, which shelled Madras, shows the ease with which the fastest vessel can run the gauntlet at sea.

* * *

Moncks Who Honour Their Name!

"Like father, like son," may well be said of Captain Charles Monck of the Coldstreamers (who fell wounded in

"Yes the war is rotten for us artists. I have just finished this study of Peace, but my agent says he can do nothing with it."
"I suppose it is too late to turn it into a war picture?"

He: "Have you heard about the Birmingham firm that has been detected making bullets for the German Army?"
She: "Traitors! But how can they get them across?"
He: "Our Tommies are despatching them with their rifles."

the battle which accounted for Sir G. Baillie of the Scots Greys, and Sir R. J. Corbet of the Coldstreams), for his father, Viscount Monck, did good work in our Egyptian and Suakin campaigns thirty years ago, with the same historic regiment. Captain Monck married ten years ago a daughter of Sir Wyndham Portal, Bart., and has a little son, who is heir to the Monck peerage and Charleville, by Enniskerry, in Wicklow. Our blue-bloods have of late been falling about like real heroes, and showing that the spirit which took so many of their grandsires into the fields of Waterloo and the Crimea survives to-day in all its grand old-time chivalry!

* * *

Our Monarchs Having an Uneasy Time.

I hear that King George and Queen Mary have had their bedrooms changed to a lower floor! It is well recognised that with the coming of the foggy nights their Majesties will be in no small danger, for nothing would so delight the Kaiser as to get one in on his cousins in London. I forget how many thousand francs he had promised the Belgian chauffeur who tried to assist in the capture of the Belgian King by driving him in his car straight for the German lines. It was a mean trick of the Kaiser's, but, luckily for King Albert, he had got wind of the plot, and when he saw the German troops actually awaiting him he promptly shot the treacherous chauffeur dead on the spot. There is no possibility of the Kaiser securing King George in person, so his Germanic Majesty will do his utmost to "get at" his English cousin in some other way.

* * *

Keep Your Eyes Open for German Aeroplanes.

And a few bombs on Buckingham Palace are the only means by which he can accomplish his dirty work. So if a German aviator be spotted any of these dark nights it behoves everybody to give the alarm as quickly as possible. The King and Queen go about a great deal, visiting the troops now in training and the hospitals. But it is all done with extraordinary secrecy. When the King went down to Bedfordshire nothing appeared about it until he was back in Town, and the officers of the Terriers were immensely surprised to recognise his Majesty amongst them. So it was with the visit to the "Eastern Midlands" men—otherwise Cambridge, where there are many thousands of Terriers getting fit for the campaign next spring.

* * *

King George's Timely Thought for the Non-Coms.' Wives.

A little action on the part of his Majesty which should be widely known came to my ears the other day. There was a discussion amongst the Royalties as to what Royal residences could be handed over to the officers invalided from the front. Several were suggested, and a list drawn up. "But what about the non-coms and men and their wives and children?" asked his Majesty. Nobody seemed to have an answer to that question. The idea of handing Royal palaces over to "common" soldiers and their wives had not occurred to anybody. "What is being done for them?" "Up to now, sire," replied the Equerry-Colonel who was addressed, "none of the Royal residences have been placed at their disposal!" "Tut-tut," said the King, "then let them have Upper Lodge, Bushey Park!" and within one hour that fine residence was being rapidly got ready for the women who had been turned out of the married quarters at Aldershot to make way for men under training! It is little actions of our King of this character that have made him nearly as popular with the people as his illustrious father.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

CONCERNING THE KAISER.

The war appears to be settling down to a long business, as everybody at all behind the scenes expected it to do right from the commencement of operations. And the finest thing that can be written at the present time, and one of the finest things ever written about any nation or any empire, is that the British people have settled down, too—desperately determined to do or die with their soldiers, and magnificently preparing to put on French or German soil the greatest army the Empire has ever equipped. No wonder we hear rumours from Berlin of the German people being sick at heart. No wonder we hear rumours that even the Kaiser himself is beginning to recognise that he has perhaps made the fatal mistake of which his own General, Bernhardi, warned him in his writings—the mistake of destroying even his own splendid army by making war at an ill-chosen moment. That, however, is the Kaiser's own concern. As he has sown, so shall he reap. And if the temper of the British people at the present moment is anything to go by, as it assuredly is, he and his empire look like reaping the dire destruction, the terrible fall, that always in all history has come to monarchs swayed by devilish despotism and reckless ambition. It may take years to do it, but done it will be, as sure as the sun in all his splendour shines to-day upon the gallant British troops now on the soil of France fighting their way to glory or to death.

* * *

And as one looks around and surveys the signs of the times, one cannot help making arduous attempts to penetrate the mind of the German Emperor, to come to some conclusion, however uncertain it may be, as to what he thinks of all that is going on in the British Empire to-day. What we, the British people, think of it all we well know. And arguing, as only we can argue in all psychological studies, from fact to surmisé, it is not too much to say that the Mad Monarch must be at the present moment one of the most stricken minds that Europe has ever known. Take a couple of instances of what has happened during the past fortnight, and try to wonder how, in what way, with what result, they struck the cortex of the Mad Monarch's brain.

* * *

First, we have had the magnificent spectacle of the Prime Minister of England standing by the side of the Irish leader on a Dublin platform, the symbol of victory in one of the greatest national causes in history, the symbol of union among all sections of the distressed nation that contains perhaps the greatest fighters the world has ever known, and the symbol, above all, of the greatest trait in British character the world over—the trait of devotion at a crucial moment to the principles of national and Imperial honour in preference to the sacrifice of Imperial interests to the bickerings and back-bitings of party politics. Most assuredly the Kaiser, when he made war, did not expect that. What does he think of it? One would like to know. One can, perhaps, say that one does know. He thinks, as we think, that the promise of an Irish Army Corps, composed of men pierced asunder by party politics, yet joined as one man at a moment of Imperial crisis, is one of the greatest things in a great and glorious Imperial history, and a thing of terrible moment to even the greatest military machine Europe has ever seen in operation. It is not derogatory to the fighting qualities of English and Scottish soldiers to say that the Irish have a right to be considered, taking them all in all, officers and men, as the best fighters the Empire has ever had in all her historic armies. And these are the men who, hearing or reading the eloquent speeches of the Prime Minister of England and the Irish leader at that wonderful meeting in Dublin, will, when they get to the front, strike terror into the hearts of even the cruellest soldiers of all time, and hopelessness into the soul of the most dangerous ruler that any country has ever placed upon an Imperial throne. No wonder we in England look with satisfaction upon our prospects to-day, long though the travail of war may be, and bloody the slaughter on present and future battlefields ere justice and international honour win their final victory.

* * *

Secondly, we may ask—What does the Kaiser think of the situation revealed in South Africa during the past two weeks? And again we may reply that we think we know what must be passing through his mind. He cannot but be moved, as we have been moved, to deep feelings of admiration at the sight of the late Commandant-General of the Boer army taking the field as a British General in the interests of the very Empire he tried to destroy fifteen years ago. Surely no such magnificent spectacle has been seen in the history of any nation. And proud as we of the British Empire are, and have a right to be, to-day of the nobility of our manhood—yes, and our womanhood—in time of war, we can, I think, be equally proud of the fact that by our policy of justice towards those whom we defeated in South Africa, we have gathered into the forces of our world-wide Empire not only the great General who has guided the destinies of South Africa for the past few years, but thousands and thousands of the very men to whom for long, long years the name of a British soldier was almost as the name of Judas himself. There is the secret of our national and Imperial success, right from the days when the principles of justice and liberty became once and for all part and parcel of the very fibre of which the nature of Britons is made. It is not boasting to say so much. It is the simple truth. History has witnessed to it in the past. The history that is being made to-day is witnessing to it afresh. And we have only to go on and on in the direction to which our traditions inevitably point to make of the historians of the future our sure and certain shield against any and every criticism that may be levelled against us by the prejudiced sections of the European posterity that shall judge of the rights and wrongs of the great war in which we are now engaged.

* * *

And of one thing, perhaps more than all, we may be sure, and the Kaiser may be sure. Nothing can stop us, as Shakespeare reminded us, if we are but true to ourselves. That, we are being now. That, we shall continue to be. They talk of a decadent England in Berlin! They talk of a decadent Empire from the professorial chairs of Germany's universities! But events are showing that they talk of that which they know not of. Moulded by materialism are they. Swayed by soul are we. Theirs, the wreckage of immortal shrines, and the godless philosophy of iron and blood. Ours, to make the bounds of freedom wider and yet more wide, and to hand on to our children the symbols and the realities of international peace.

Jonathan Grub Strete.

The 600 journalists who are on active service should not be alluded to as the "press gang."

* * *

In spite of the recent heavy rains in France, the enemy appears to have had his jacket thoroughly dusted.

* * *

Little Englanders justify their protests against the increase of our Navy by pointing out that Germany has proved that she never meant to try conclusions with it.

* * *

A lack of blankets for Kitchener's army is reported, in spite of the efforts of old ex-army officers, now drilling recruits, who are turning out hundreds of "blankety blank its!" daily.

* * *

The War Office seems to have made a blunder in sending the Public Schools recruits for training to Epsom. The place should obviously have been reserved for the "Salts" of the R.N.V.R. or Marines.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether it is not a fact that the particulars sent to Buckingham Palace about the disaster to the 18th Hussars caused Queen Mary to burst into tears?

* * *

If the Duke of Albany will ever again occupy his seat in the House of Lords?

* * *

Whether the speeches of German "statesmen" have produced anything funnier than the German Colonial Secretary's declaration that "Germany is fighting England for booty"? And whether Germany is not more likely to get the boot?

* * *

Whether it was his Hohenzollern marriage that has stopped King Manoel's chance of seeing active service, or whether it is not the probability that his chance of regaining his lost Portuguese throne is now much nearer than anybody expects?

* *

Whether it is true that the Portuguese Royalists recently arranged for the purchase of six gunboats and two armoured cruisers from a South American Republic? And whether those vessels are now in Atlantic waters, or where?

* * *

Whether the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* are not to be seized by the British Government immediately they are caught in the Mediterranean? And whether there will be any Turkey left if Turkey sends King George an Ultimatum on account of the seizures?

* * *

Whether anyone cares two straws about Dr. Hans Richter having repudiated his English musical degrees and honours?

* * *

If General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London District, has not a big war "coup" up his sleeve?

* * *

Whether a certain famous ex-war correspondent is not making "more money than anyone" by writing and translating books, etc., about the war?

* * *

Why do our women playwriters invariably select a masculine nom-de-plume?

* * *

If his Nonconformist "pals" were very highly delighted with the Rev. R. J. Campbell's compliment to Cardinal Merry del Val? * * *

If it is because the war has utterly knocked out "G.B.S." that we are getting a temporary respite from his theories?

* * *

Will Bernard Shaw ever again be seen at a "first-night" unaccompanied by Granville Barker?

* * *

Whether it is good business or good policy for the Press Bureau to "edit" Sir John French's later despatches for home consumption, after giving such prominence to his first one?

THE FUCHSIA OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.
"Falling Leaves and Faded Flowers."

If the long friendship of Sir Archibald Hunter and young Lord Montgomerie is not a little pathetic? And whether either of them will ever be seen at the front?

* * *

What became of the female spy who received such a warm reception at the office of the Anglo-American Exchange in Regent Street?

* * *

Is it true that Prince Arthur is now at the front?

* * *

If the much-advertised Vicar of Brixton has taken to writing patent medicine testimonials because he finds it more lucrative than writing plays?

* * *

If a certain lady novelist has taken a family of Belgian refugees to her country house in Berkshire for the purpose of obtaining "copy" for the new "war" novel which she has in hand?

* * *

If Sir Herbert Tree has not been very badly bitten with the "spy-hunting" fever, and if his enthusiasm in this direction did not land him in a decidedly awkward predicament a few mornings ago?

* * *

If the members of the Executive Committee of the Prince of Wales's Fund are altogether the best suited for the job? * * *

If Mlle Gaby Deslys' delay in appearing at the Palace was entirely due to the fact that her stage dresses had been "held up" in Paris?

* * *

If the present lightless condition of the London streets of an evening is not causing great anxiety to the various gas and electric light companies?

* * *

What the well-known firm of English publishers has done with the translated version of a certain German princess's "confessions" which was due to appear in print about the middle of August? And if it should not, in the circumstances, prove very interesting reading?

* * *

If the widow of a certain famous explorer has not made quite a nice little "turn-over" during the past month by distributing among her friends—for a consideration—a number of crosses, rosaries, etc., said to have been blessed by the late Pope?

* * *

Where the War Office purchased the razors served out to the various volunteer battalions, and if the men are complaining that they won't even cut corns?

* * *

If the heart of a certain duke's son is not very sore over the departure of "little Elsie" from the Palace? And if it is a fact that, during the whole of the time she has been appearing in "The Passing Show" he has only twice failed to occupy the stall in the second row?

TABLOID TOPICS.

Why was the German Iron Cross? Because it didn't like facing the moujik.

* * *

An elderly cynic enquires if the new play, "Young Wisdom," is a revival of "The Never Never Land."

* * *

Contests, Ltd., a syndicate for promoting prize fights, has failed. Continental competition proved too much for it.

* * *

Heaven help the correspondent who has written to us enquiring the meaning of the phrase, "The blessings of civilisation."

* * *

The Kaiser is off to Eastern Prussia, as, owing to a block on the line, the shorter western route to Paris is permanently closed.

* * *

Lord Kitchener has accepted a gift of 50,000 tins of vaseline for the use of British troops abroad. That ought to make them look slippy.

* * *

Large quantities of oranges are being distributed among the wounded British soldiers in London hospitals. There is, however, no danger of Tommy getting the pip.

* * *

From the *Musical Standard*: "Most of the Hungarian bands in London just now are blue." Yes—those who didn't find out in time that they weren't Hungarian at all.

* * *

Seventy members of Parliament have enlisted for active service. It is understood that their jobs will be kept open for them, and that they will receive full salary while away.

* * *

A British officer, in writing a report of a certain battle, remarks, "The effectiveness of our aim depends a good deal upon the way the wind lies." So even the wind is at it now!

* * *

A dear old lady says she can quite understand the new turpinite shell having such a bad effect on the enemy, as quite a faint smell of turps. always gives her a violent headache.

* * *

The Berlin of to-day is a city of brag and humbug and credulous arrogance, feeding on illimitable illusions" (*Daily Mail*). We presume this is another name for German sausage.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* says that, to some of the society women who are attending the L.C.C. cooking lectures, even the frying pan was a mystery. But not half such a mystery as its contents will be to hubby.

* * *

Kaiser Bill is disappointed because his celebrated Kruger wire has had no influence on the Boer attitude in the present war. But he, of all persons, should not be surprised at the ignoring of a scrap of paper.

* * *

Another attempt by the wily Teuton to spread dissension amongst the Allies is apparent in a Berlin report stating that a French airman, who was taken prisoner, declared that he had mistaken his German captors for English troops.

* * *

The *Globe*, recording Mr. Fordham's decision at the Westminster Police Court, that "if a railway passenger takes a ticket for a dog the animal is not entitled to a seat," adds further, "It is a nice point whether the payment of this fare does not establish a claim to the use of a seat." We wish somebody would put in a word for us; we're not crazy to strap-hang either.

A SEA BREEZE.

The Army doctor was very decent about it. But, in spite of the fluent patriotic lies I told him, he knew all about my recent illness, and advised me to try again after a fortnight at the seaside. I took his advice forthwith, but after a week it became clear that if my stay at Shanknor was to last for the full scheduled period, economy must be practised in some direction. One cannot spend much at Shanknor. It was for that reason, mainly, that I was spending my convalescence there. How, then, to economise? I had it! Bathing. I had begun, vaingloriously enough, in a swimming boat with stern steps and a hireling to row, from Shanknor beach; and to come down to the frugal bathing-machine after this would have exposed me to the contempt of every longshoreman in the place. If my prestige at Shanknor was to remain unabated, I must bathe there lavishly or not at all. However, I soon solved the problem. The morning dip I would take as usual, and in the afternoon conceal towel and costume about my person and walk along the cliffs for another pickling, gratis, off the rocks.

About a mile from Shanknor I discovered Shellback's Cove. This seemed to be the ideal spot for my purpose. A fine expanse of sand lay out between the rocks, only three bathing-tents stood on the beach, and I was quite unknown there. I undressed behind a mammoth boulder at one end of the cove. About six powerful crawl strokes took me out through the surf, when I became conscious of a roar, surpassing the sea's, behind me. I turned round and beheld Shellback, despot of the cove, wildly brandishing both arms on the shore.

"Hi, you," he bellowed, "come out o' that at once!"

Now it so happens that the sea does not belong to Shellback. I was not, however, at the moment in a position to point this out to him *viva voce*. In making the turn—the water had a chop and a cross-chop on it—I had swallowed about a pint of brine, and inhaled and gargled a good deal more. But I had one hand free, so I placed a thumb significantly to my nose, and extended the fingers in Shellback's direction. His language then became perfectly sulphurous, but he at length realised the futility of this and retired.

As I was completing my toilet, he reappeared, and in devastating tones began:

"Now, then, that ain't allowed!"

"Indeed, Mr. Shellback," I returned, "what isn't?"

"Why, bathing for nothing in my cove. And my name ain't Shellback."

"I had an idea—mayhap an erroneous one," I replied, "that I was bathing in the sea. Now the sea, Mr. Shellback"—this *must* be his name—"belongs to King George, whose liege it is my glory to be. I don't think his Most Gracious Majesty would object to my swimming in his sea. Why, even the sprats are allowed to do that!"

By this time a crowd had arisen from apparently nowhere. The debate waxed fast and furious, and the bystanders were distinctly inclined to take sides. In vain I pointed out that the shores of Albion, between high and low water mark, are Crown lands; that I had undressed most modestly; that no ladies in the cove could possibly have been shocked unless they were peeping round the corner of my rock, or using field-glasses. My pellucid logic was lost on Shellback.

"I took the rocks out of this 'ere cove with my own hands," he cried, "and you are takin' advantage of a pore man's labour!"

Now, this was one of those sentimental touches which infallibly "get" English crowds. Shellback had, unconsciously no doubt, exercised the supremest art. Public sympathy fell away from me in a trice, and I saw that the day was to Shellback. Slipping half-a-crown into his rough (*and* ready) paw, I apologised for suggesting he should go to any place but heaven, and made off.

At the hour of going to press the financial situation may be summarised as follows:—

To bathing with honour (old style)	2/-
To bathing (? legally) from Shellback's Cove...	2/6
Net economy	(minus) 6d.

Gilbert Hy. Collins.

"FALL IN AND FOLLOW ME."

When the Camel Corps get into action it will be the Germans who will have the hump.

* * *

A trooper in the 16th Lancers says that the soldiers' work at the front is not like playing billiards at the club. But withal he treats it as a mere bagatelle.

* * *

A New York paper has published a lengthy "statement of the truth" from Baron Mumm, adviser to the German Foreign Office. A better effect would have been produced on the American public if he had remained Mumm.

The libraries report a falling-off in the issue of fiction. The Berlin Press Bureau is supplying the needs of the public just now.

* * *

"The Lure of Romance," originally entitled, "The Uncertain Glory," has just been published. No; it is not the Kaiser's autobiography.

* * *

When the King inspected the troops at Huntingdon he was told that the milk-cans he saw were used to convey water. Surely this was rather a stale gag to work off on his Majesty.

BY THE WAY.

The Grand Duke Nicholas was distributing Crosses of St. George to the gallant soldiers of the "Little Father," and in the course of his visitation he came upon one sturdy fellow of whom His Imperial Highness enquired whether he would "prefer twenty roubles or the Cross of St. George?" Saluting, the man—one of the many Jews in the Tsar's service—replied, "What is the worth of the Cross of St. George, my General?" "Oh, perhaps not more than five roubles," said the Grand Duke, "but it's the honour of possessing it." "Then, if it be permitted, my General," gravely rejoined the soldier, "I will have fifteen roubles and the Cross of St. George."

* * *

May I suggest that in these strenuous times every one of the West End theatres should utilise its orchestra to the very fullest extent? There has been a growing custom in favour of either dispensing with the services of the "band" altogether or keeping it out of sight. Now surely is the time to brighten our weary, war-worn lives with all the music the theatre managers can provide. Most of them have "come into line" already in this matter, and I am hopeful that the theatre orchestra will soon reassert its old sway.

CULTURE.

"Well, Fritz! Did you get any of the plunder at the sacking of the town?"

"No. I think we ought to act up to our reputation for civilised methods in war. Besides, I arrived too late to get anything."

A few days ago I saw Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood driving through Harlow, where his beautiful country home is, and despite his three score years and fifteen he is one of the most alert and keen-looking men I have ever seen. As a follower of the Essex Hounds, he is known as a daring, even a reckless rider, taking fences in a manner that keeps his friends in a constant state of alarm.

* * *

Sir Evelyn is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and at Harlow doffs his hat gallantly to every woman he meets whatever her station in life. This old-fashioned courtesy is much appreciated in the neighbourhood. He has always had, too, a keen eye for a pretty woman, and this led to an amusing occurrence at a meet of the Essex Hunt, not long ago. In order to appreciate the story it must be explained that the gallant veteran suffers from a slight deafness, his only physical disability, and like many other people who are hard of hearing, he is apt sometimes to think that everyone else is similarly afflicted, and consequently his asides are occasionally anything but repressed.

* * *

Among those taking part in the hunt was a beautiful Society lady whom Sir Evelyn had not seen before, a guest at one of the mansions near. Riding up to a friend a few yards away from the lady, Sir Evelyn said, in a stage aside that could be heard by nearly everyone present: "Gad, that's a devilish pretty woman! Who is she?"

* * *

Excitement was caused a few days ago, in the Kentish village of West Wickham, by the sudden arrival in the High Street of two motor-cars full of individuals in German uniform. The excitement increased when the soldiers alighted and began to deploy as if preparing for action. The appearance of a kinematograph operator and his camera solved the mystery, but led to real opposition to the 'invaders.' Several of the chief inhabitants protested very strongly against the real horrors of war being mimicked for the film at such a time as this. An angry crowd supported them, and the "Germans" finally were compelled to evacuate their position under the escort of the local police.

* * *

A charming little actress from "over the water" is just now suffering an acute attack of hymeneal disappointment. During the past few weeks her matrimonial arrangements have got sadly out of gear, and there is now no earthly chance of her becoming the Hon. Mrs. So-and-So. Previous to the outbreak of war she had become "unofficially" engaged to the younger son of an English peer, who is also a dashing young Guardsman in a very crack regiment. Now there happens to be in existence an unwritten law which decrees that any member of that particular regiment who marries an actress shall immediately resign his commission. Two months ago the handsome, six-foot-two Guardsman was perfectly willing to sacrifice a brilliant career upon the altar of love, but now the war has cropped up—well, he sees things in rather a different light. So the footlight fairy has departed in sorrow and pique to her own country.

* * *

An enormous number of well-built young men are being rejected as recruits

on the score of bad teeth. An amusing story of how one of them managed to convince the doctor of his fitness is going the round of the clubs. The young man was about 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with a chest that was the despair of the tailors. He had never had a day's illness in his life, and altogether he pleased the Recruiting Sergeant immensely. But the doctor shook his head. "Four bad teeth," he said. "Rejected!" The embryo Tommy Atkins tried to argue with the medico, but all to no purpose, and at length he went away disconsolate. Then a brilliant idea struck him, and he ran to the nearest grocer's shop. Returning to the depôt he produced a large dog-biscuit, which he commenced to bite violently. "How about my teeth?" he asked the doctor. The latter smiled and muttered, "You'll do!"

* * *

Millions of Britishers throughout the world are itching to get at the throat of the Kaiser, but probably the only people who have ever struck the War Lord are his father, his wife—and Lady Macdonell. The latter is the wife of Sir Hugh Macdonell, the famous diplomat. When she lived at Berlin the Kaiser often came to tea at her house. In those days bridge, or rather "auction," had not the hold on the drawing-room that it now has, and draughts was the popular game. Lady Macdonell happened to be a first-class player, and the then Crown Prince considered himself a "dab" at the game. One day there was an unusually keen struggle on the board between her ladyship and the Prince. Slowly but surely the latter lost his "men," while Lady Macdonell "crowned" more and more "kings." Of a sudden the hot-headed Prince accused his hostess of cheating. For a moment there was a deadly silence. Then, leaning forward, Lady Macdonell thoroughly boxed the ears of her ill-mannered guest. What happened next history does not record.

* * *

"There go the murdering thieves," said an officer friend of mine the other day as we watched a detachment of the Royal Army Medical Corps swing along Pall Mall. I learned that the somewhat unmedical description which he gave them was really a regimental nick-name, of which officers and men are alike proud. Once upon a time the R.A.M.C. was called the Medical Train, and all its belongings were therefore marked "M.T." Tommy, of course, soon discovered that "M.T." stood for "Murdering Thieves." The corps is also known as the "Linseed Lancers." The Royal Scots Regiment is commonly called "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard," while on the other hand "Holy Boys" is the popular appellation of the Norfolks.

* * *

Great pain has been caused to many Catholic readers, I am told, by the somewhat free-spoken comments of Miss Louise Heilgers in our issue dated September 26th upon a statement she had read somewhere or other to the effect that the white "soutanes" worn by the Popes are woven by Roman nuns from the wool of unborn lambs, and that a flock of fifty sheep is kept for the purpose of serving as wardrobes to the Vatican. This story has apparently arisen from a distorted idea of what happens at the annual feast of St. Agnes, which occurs on January 21st.

* * *

Every year, on the occasion of this feast, High Mass is followed by an interesting ceremony—the blessing of two lambs, emblems of innocence and sacrifice, which are brought into the church in separate baskets, resting on damask cushions, and thus laid upon the altar. The blessing finished, they are delivered to the master of ceremonies of the Lateran Basilica, who takes them to the Vatican to present them to the Pope. The Holy Father sends them to the nuns of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere, whose property they become. About Easter they are shorn of their beautiful white fleece, which is given to the Pope, and is woven into palliums—or, to use the Italian term, "soutanes"—which later are sent to Metropolitans, to be worn as a symbol of their share in the plenary jurisdiction of the Chief Shepherd over the whole flock of Christ.

* * *

I have been shown a letter from Sir Reginald Wingate to a friend, in which the Sirdar speaks regretfully of the "long arm of coincidence" that has kept him out of two great wars for England in fifteen years. As a fact, Sir Reginald is one of our few really "great" military commanders kept out of both this and the Boer War by duties of extraordinary importance elsewhere. Kitchener made a wise choice when he "spotted" his Chief of the Intelligence Department to succeed him at Khartoum. Scarcely had Sir Reginald been settled in his new duties when, about the time the Boer War was starting, it fell to his lot to give battle to and kill the Khalifa. It will be realised that his duties in the administration of a vast Moslem population are not one whit less onerous in 1914 than in '99.

THE LOITERER.

Smith (looking at sky): "Are we going to have some wet, my friend?"
The Boatman: "It's awful good o' ye, sir, I will just 'ave one wi' ye, thankee."

Indecision may be charming in a lover; it is exasperating in a wife.

* * *

No man is qualified to foretell exactly what a woman will do under any given circumstances.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The original drawings of illustrations which have appeared in "Modern Life" are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

MORE OR LESS.

Metal Scalps.

Have you seen spiked helmets in the flesh—or, rather, in the metal—yet? I have. One lay proudly on the table before me yesterday, its rather tarnished surface glittering in the sun. One somehow always associates gilt things with the sun. As I looked at this helmet, I seemed to see it marching, marching somewhere, always in the sun, till death took the master of it, and the victor took the helmet. To capture a spiked helmet, I hear, is the secret hope of every soldier. They all long to bear one home in triumph as the outward and visible sign of a conquered foe. I wonder in how many homes throughout England a spiked helmet will soon be in possession of the place of honour among the family curios, and how many home people will gather round eagerly when the proud possessor of the helmet points to it and begins the tale of "When I was at Mons . . ." Talking of symbols, we have in the family a faded red cap—one of the real "Bonnets Rouges" of the French Revolution. I don't quite know how the ancestress to whom it belonged obtained possession of it, but I know she passed safely through the time of the Terror, and a miniature reveals her to have been a person of a roguish eye. Perhaps my greatest grandmother owed her life to that fact. Anyhow—and somehow—the red cap passed into her possession. It never does to enquire too closely into anything, especially when the anything is feminine.

* * *

Smiles, False Smiles.

It seems difficult at present to hit the happy medium, so far as everyday life is concerned. People are afraid to look cheerful for fear of being called hard-hea... mournful for fear of being called down-hearted. ... have been told they shouldn't wear black, and yet ... have their doubts of the suitability of purple and whi... I saw a girl just now who combined the three. Her ... was white, the rest of her black, with purple facing... Whether she was in actual mourning or only in the an... cipatory stage I am unable to state. But I can't say ... liked the effect. The suggestion of armlets strikes ... as ridiculous, besides being suggestive of wholesa... vaccination. My own idea of the matter is that ... should live as normally as possible, and to do this ... isn't necessary to smother Folly's bells in yards of ... any more than it is necessary to jingle them so lou... that others turn to hear. We hear a lot about th... bravery of those people who let their menfolk go with ... smile. I am not sure that the average man wouldn... prefer the compliment of a tear. It has always been ... opinion that a man likes his woman to be weak. ... doesn't care about a strong-minded person, who te... him to be sure and keep his feet dry, when all the ti... he is longing to dry her eyes. If I had a khaki swe... heart, and I went to see him off, I should make a poi... of borrowing his handkerchief to weep in. He would ... so busy consoling me he would have no time to thi... he was going away, a reflection it would be impossib... for him to avoid were he and I to stand grinning ... each other like a couple of Cheshire cats.

* * *

Passbook Crumbs.

I am very pleased to see that James Douglas has be... attacking our millionaires. He calls them niggardly. ... do I. Side by side with the offer of one of our Indi... princes of four hundred thousand pounds, the mode... offerings of our own princes of commerce ... their country's needs seem singularly mean... I look in vain along the lists each day ... that row of extra noughts which would mean all th... difference to the poor between penury and plenty ... winter. I see a few hundreds here, a bare thousan... there, crumbs from the rich man's passbook—the pri... of a new motor-car or an elderly master. The rich man's motto seems to be, "What I have I hold." It is to ... hoped for his sake that his poorer brother will not inve... a newer one, "What I haven't got, I take." In ... meantime, he snoozes comfortably on his money-ba... and in after-dinner moments, moved to sudden ener... talks of "our brave defenders." It is a significant fa... that, after nine weeks or more of war, our war fun... still stands at under three millions. If I were a millio... aire I think I should feel ashamed. It's bad enough t... be born rich, but you don't want to make a crime of it.

* * *

Hats On.

Looking back, I seem to have written a lot about ... war, but really, when you come to think of it, there is ... much else to write about. There are no new clothes, ... new scandals, no new anything. We are compelled t... fall back upon our last season's frocks, and to make ... shirts nobody unless he were dead would ever want t... wear, because we have no one to flirt with and run a... with. In desperation at night we get hold of a ... or a retired general—no self-respecting woman w... care to be seen in public nowadays with a mere civilia... —and go and dine at one of the big restaurants in a ha... —if you please—and, of course, the usual etceteras. ... times of peace I can imagine the scorn of the *maî... d'hôtel* were a hatted lady to swim into his ken of ... evening. But now—madame of the coat and skirt is ... welcome as madame of the bare shoulders last year. ... After all, even a *maître d' hôtel* has to live. I don... know why, I'm sure. He has always seemed ... to be a particularly obnoxious specimen of the ma... race. To pass on. I hope the fashion of dining in ... hat has come to stay. Apart from all practical reasons, ... the average woman looks far more attractive in a hat ... than without it. "The only time you Englishwomen ... seem to take off your hats," a Frenchman grumbled ... me once, "is at dinner—the very time you should ... them on." A becoming hat, like charity, covers a ... multitude of indiscretions.

Louise Livingstone.

MY LITTLE FRANC-TIREUR.

"SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM."

Stanley McCornock took his way to the station as usual that morning—that is to say, he took a cold sausage from the breakfast table, took the gate at one bound, the road in about three, took also a considerable amount of mud from the gutter, then sped down the quiet lane that led to Yarton Station.

Half-way down the lane he almost stopped—almost, not quite—for man is a creature of habit, and he had sped down that lane six times a week for two years. But it was a very near thing, for in the distance beyond the turning that led to the station he saw four soldiers, and in their midst walked a man, handcuffed—a spy! Stanley thrilled at the sight, but the sound of the approaching train thrilled him still more, and he sped on.

He jumped into a carriage just as the train was steaming out, and jumped right on to the toes of his uncle, Major McCornock. Now this was a most unfortunate incident, for uncle was rich, very rich, and uncle was also very annoyed—more annoyed than rich, in fact, at the moment. And Stanley also was extremely hurt. He was always treading on uncle's toes metaphorically, and now he had done it literally. He sank into a vacant seat in a state of collapse.

"In my young days," the Major puffed across the carriage at him, "we never left things to the last minute, sir; we were always up to time. Do you suppose I should be here now if I had been late when I was young? No, sir. 'Punctuality', sir, 'is the politeness of princes' and the making of men! Where would England have been now if I had been late?"

A wonderful brain wave swept through Stanley's mind.

"And where would England be if I had been early this morning? You would all have been murdered in your beds this night," he cried. "I have caught a spy!"

"Caught a what?"

"A spy! A German!"

"My boy!" The Major almost embraced him in his excitement. "How? When? Where?"

The whole carriage was listening from behind the refuge of its morning papers, and a youthful reporter in one corner whipped out a pencil.

Stanley was nervous, more nervous than when he had descended on the Major's toes, but "in for a penny—" He brought all his wits to work.

"I was walking up Yarton Lane to the station with plenty of time to catch my train"—he pretended not to see the look of incredulity on the Major's face—"when a man, obviously a foreigner, darted out of the hedge beside me, and stood looking up and down the road. At once I knew what to do. 'Ah, sprechen sie Deutsch?' I said, and held out my hand to him.

'Ja!' he replied excitedly.

"Then stay where you are, or I fire—"

"But surely you don't carry firearms backwards and forwards to the City with you, my boy?" And the Major looked nervously in the direction of Stanley's pockets.

"Oh, no, no! But that was just to frighten the beggar! He looked as if he would whip out a revolver, but I cried out 'Hands up!' and marched him off."

Uncle was delighted—and so was Stanley. Major McCornock saw his own brave military spirit shine out again in the soul of his nephew. He visibly swelled with pride as he swaggered up the steps of his club.

"Yes, single-handed!" he asserted over his whiskey and cigar, to a group of cronies later. "He's a bit knocked about, but he's got the McCornock pluck; it's bound to tell—bound to tell!" Then he telephoned through to the "Daily Horror," and within half-an-hour a photographer was with him.

"Thought you might like to know—. Of course, I personally want no publicity—the McCornocks are always ready to do their duty, and ask for no reward—but perhaps it would do you a good turn—my photo—I trained the boy—all his military instincts come from me."

And the result was that the Major was photographed for the "Daily Horror."

Meanwhile Stanley had made his way to his office, but scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before his office boy brought him in a card—"The Daily Scream."

"Show him in," said Stanley, locking his cheque book up in his safe. He was mystified, for his business was not much in the paper line. In came the youthful reporter with whom he had travelled up in the morning.

"You'll excuse me intruding upon you, sir, but I could not help overhearing your conversation on the train this morning, and in the interests of the 'Daily Scream,' I should be very glad if you could give me a few particulars—"

"But I don't want it to appear in print!" Stanley almost shrieked.

"Well, it's bound to leak out and get into the papers, and if you can give me an authentic account it will be so much better—"

"An authentic account? Yes, I'll give you one." And Stanley did.

He told how the German had set on him as he was going to the station, how he had been knocked down almost senseless, then how he had struggled to his feet and snatched the knife from the spy's hand just as he was about to strike. How a breathless hand-to-hand struggle ensued, in which, at last, he was victorious, and how he had marched the man single-handed to the police station.

"And you can publish all that, if you like," he finished up.

It looked very well in print, made quite a good story when it had been embellished and enlarged by the "Daily Scream," and by the afternoon London was placarded with "Heroism of a Yarton man," "Yarton man captures German spies single-handed."

And when Stanley's wife telephoned him up in the afternoon he was able to tell her that, with the exception of a sprained wrist and a certain unaccountable shaky feeling, he was quite well—and he also told her how pleased uncle was!

Stanley bought an evening paper with a certain amount of trepidation, for he knew how often fame is short-lived.

A column caught his eye at once.

"Yarton Scare."

"A certain amount of misunderstanding seems to have arisen to-day owing to a firm of film-producers who enacted a realistic 'spy-capture' scene this morning in Yarton.

"Some of our contemporaries have no doubt been misinformed on this matter, and we are sure that the pseudo-hero, Mr. Stanley McCornock, must have been greatly annoyed at the false reports which have been circulated. The author of these mischievous reports, if he is found, should be severely dealt with."

He has been—for he will never have uncle's money now!

NOEL HINTON.

Money may talk, but it seldom gives itself away.

* * *

A woman's shoe is generally large for its size.

* * *

A mother's tears are the same in all languages.

* * *

Character is weighed for the most part in the scales of Temptation.

* * *

In these days of paint and powder, beauty is much more than skin deep.

* * *

Most people would rather be wrong and argue about it than right and have nobody dispute it.

* * *

When God sends a pretty woman into the world, the Devil, in reply, sends a fool to keep her.

* * *

It is all very well to pay as you go, but if you have no luggage the hotel manager would rather you pay as you arrive.

IN STAGELAND.

Our lady dramatists are "booming" just now, for two plays by women writers have been produced in London in one week. "Those Who Sit in Judgment," the work of "Michael Orme," is distinctly full of promise for a firstling. The author fairly flagellates suburbia; her "types" are surely not representative, but there is not a little keen observation and "truth to life" in Michael Orme's musings, and her dialogue is neat and much of it witty. In short, the piece typifies the revolt of a type of female who assuredly ought never to have mated with a Clapworthian. and who leaves him determined to link her fate with her not too-convincing lover from the Gold Coast. Here are excellent acting opportunities for Sir G. Alexander, Henrietta Watson as the revolting wife, Reginald Owen (who has a capital death scene), and particularly for Nigel Playfair as the detestable little suburban husband.

* * *

I must not quit this subject without a passing reference to Sir George's attention to detail. His stage management is at its best in the Gold Coast scene and the meeting of infuriated shareholders. His admirable orchestra is at its best in the round dozen of patriotic "Imperial airs" that preface the performance. He prints quite the best programme in London, with good portraits of every member of the cast. It is embellished, by the way, with a touching appeal from Mrs. Kendal—not for the War Fund (for a wonder), but on behalf of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Not to speak of the general care for the comfort of the audience ever exercised at the St. James's, where "cheaper prices" are now in evidence.

* * *

The other play from a woman's pen is Miss Rachel Crowther's "Young Wisdom" at the Playhouse, which was probably (though I don't speak by the card in saying so) acquired by Mr. Maude on his American "Grumpy" tour. It is a bright if trivial effort, with two sparkling parts for Margery Maude and Madge Titheradge. The comedy is all about that younger generation which, in the Ibsenite phrase, "comes knocking at the door," and which, incidentally, gives a "knock" to Mr. Fred Kerr—an actor too rarely seen on our stage nowadays. Much of the fun centres around Victoria's alarming determination to try living with a man before she married him, in order to find out if she really loves him, and in this complication Mr. John Deverell is seen at his best and quaintest. The proceeds are being generously devoted to two of the war relief funds.

* * *

After a week's delay, due to the incomparable Gaby's gorgeous frocks not having arrived (here do we note the brain-storm of the ever enterprising press agent?), "The Rajah's Ruby" was duly—or unduly—done at the Palace. The playlet is a compound or potted version of half the detective dramas of the last generation or so, and it is chockful of thrills, frills, and—hats! The latter are for the most part worn (if "worn" be not a too wholly inadequate term) by Mdlle. Deslys herself, who not only wears them—and the costumes—to distraction, but manages to look and act with the extreme of energy and distinction. The mere men supporting her and Harry Pilcer in their revel of dancing are Arthur Playfair, Nelson Keys, and Basil Hallam, who haven't a great deal to do. All honour to Mdlle. Gaby for taking her "floral offerings" to the wounded at the London Hospital.

* * *

Godfrey Tearle having gone to "another place," Miss Irene Vanburgh is continuing, without his support, some touring performances of her remarkable impersonation in "The Land of Promise." I saw her at the Croydon Theatre the other night, where a packed audience "called" the actress after every one of her many strenuous scenes, and where, I learn, great satisfaction has been caused by a decision of the management not to reduce either the staff or their salaries.

* * *

If you haven't already done so, I wish you would hurry up and see H. B. Irving as "The Silver King." One doesn't often enthuse nowadays, but in this particular assumption Mr. Irving is really supreme. His diction alone is a lesson to a whole host of so-called actors one could name. Miss Goodall's Nellie Denver is also a pathetic and inspiring piece of work.

* * *

The practice of an author "taking a call" at a first-night has so fallen into disuse that one was quite surprised to see Haddon Chambers walk on to the stage at the première of his "Impossible Woman." Henry Arthur Jones has never taken a "call" since the production of his "Michael and his Lost Angel," when the poor wretch found himself howled at to such an extent that, I believe, he vowed it "never should happen again." The best story of a first-night is, of course, the one about G.B.S., when a solitary individual in the gallery hissed him. "I agree with you," my friend," quoth Shaw, "but what are we among so many?" Seriously, though, it used to be a silly sight to see two able-bodied men in dress clothes (*e.g.*, Cecil Raleigh and Harry Hamilton) bound on to the stage at "Old Drury," and shake hands before the footlights.

* * *

"Teddy" Royce and company are busy rehearsing "A Country Girl," to be revived at Daly's presently. Miss Ethel Irving at first seemed willing to reappear in this revival, and so make a welcome return to musical comedy, but has since exercised the sex's charming privilege of changing her mind.

SPORTING NOTES.

Many readers have enquired why our weekly racing notes had been discontinued. The explanation is that, from the time war was declared until now very few of the racecourse executives have been able to carry out their fixtures, so that we, in common with several other papers, have hardly deemed the articles necessary, and also, it may be mentioned, my predecessor—like a great many more good sportsmen—had enlisted, and gone to the front to fight for his fellow-countrymen.

* * *

Now that the sport has been fully resumed, the notes will be continued by me, and as I have had nearly thirty-five years' experience of racing as a sporting journalist, my readers may depend on getting the very best of knowledge and information.

* * *

The big Autumn Handicaps are now close upon us, the first, the Duke of York Stakes, taking place on Saturday, October 10th. Mr. S. Joel has two candidates to select from, viz., Maiden Erlegh and Honeywood, and I fully expect he will rely on the latter, whose last outing was when second to Hapsburg in the Eclipse Stakes. He undoubtedly must have a good chance here. Wrack is not badly dealt with, and has been doing useful work, and he certainly should not be neglected. Thistleton I can hardly think will be good enough, nor have I any reason to favour the prospects of Prue. Nassau is sure to run really well, and so also will Mohacz, if giving of his best. Cuthbert and Diadumenos have not been overdone with weight, but I do not think either can win. Of the three-year-olds, I like Carancho, Honeywood, and Green Falcon best, but a great danger to all may be Cheerful. Anyway, knowing that he has been improving rapidly, and also undergone a good preparation, I shall take

CARANCHO

as a good each-way investment.

* * *

The Nottingham Handicap should be won by Gravy Greek, and Elkington should appropriate the Sherwood Forest Nursery. At Leicester, I fancy Little Mabel for the Midland Nursery Handicap, and Aldermaston for the October Selling Plate.

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GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Uncle Ezra: "What's young Eph Hoskins doing with the pink socks and the spats?"

Uncle Eben: "He's going down to New York. Eph allows as how with all the European counts and dukes being bottled up now, it's a golden opportunity for the stylish American youth to cop off an heiress."

* * *

She: "I suppose you've been drinking in the ozone, Mr. Sparks?"

He: "No, I only take Scotch!"

* * *

Customer: "You don't call this sky-blue stuff milk, do you? You ought to call it milk and water, instead of milk."

Milkman (politely): "So I do, sir. I always say 'Milk-eau,' which, as you are a man of education, you will know is foreign for water. I always keep within the law, sir."

* * *

Husband: "When I asked you to marry me, I asked you for your hand."

Wife: "Well, and didn't you get it?"

Husband: Then, perhaps, but now you give me nothing but your tongue."

* * *

Harry: "I wonder if Kate is really fond of me?"

Jack: "I know she is. Heard her say so."

Harry: "You don't mean it!"

Jack: "I do, though. She said that she loved even the meanest of God's creatures. I congratulate you, old chap."

* * *

PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

Cynthia: Oh, Tom, think of coming to ask papa's consent in such shabby clothes!

Tom: That's all right—I had one suit ruined.

—*Judge.*

* * *

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Gent: "I can't give you anything. Charity begins at home."

Cadger: "I'm willin' ter go 'ome wid yer, Mister."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

SETTLED.

Howard: "I hear your daughter is going to marry an English nobleman: Is it settled?"

Coward: "Yes; every cent she had."—*Judge.*

BEACH COMBERS.

—*Puck.*

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